

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 39—No. 50

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861

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NOTICE.

THE NEW EDITION OF THE "VOICE AND SINGING"

(The Formation and Cultivation of the Voice for Singing),
WITH ADDITIONAL EXERCISES
FOR CONTRALTO OR BARITONE VOICES,

BY

ADOLFO FERRARI,

IS NOW READY,

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DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO., 244 Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR FERRARI begs to state that the New Edition of his Work, "The Voice and Singing" (The Formation and Cultivation of the Voice for Singing), is Published by Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

HERR FORMES begs to announce that he will RETURN to Town on the 20th instant.

All communications for Engagements to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett (Musical and Concert Agent), at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

M. OLE BULL begs to announce that his Provincial TOUR will terminate on the 20th instant.

All communications for Engagements to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett (Musical and Concert Agent), at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing Frank Mori's new Song, "A thousand miles from thee," at the Monday Popular Concert December the 16th

Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing Frank Mori's new Song, "A thousand miles from thee," at Willis's Rooms THIS EVENING, and at Romford on the 19th December.

MAD. SAINTON DOLBY will sing Henry Smart's new Song, "The Lady of the Lee," at Mad. Albert's Concert at Westbourne Hall on Tuesday evening next.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in town. All communications for Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are requested to be addressed to him, Thurlow Cottage, Thurlow Square, Brompton, S. W.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Balfe's celebrated Song "The Banner of St. George" (Defence and not Defiance), at Willis's Rooms, this Evening.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour to announce that the THIRD of a SERIES of SIX SOIREEs MUsICALES, for the practice of vocal concerted music, sacred and secular, will take place at her residence, 50 Bedford Square, on Thursday, Dec. 19th.

Terms at Cramer's, Regent Street; Leader's, Bond Street; and of Mrs. Andrews.

MR. SWIFT begs to announce that his tour with Mad. Grisi being finished he is at liberty to accept engagements for concerts, oratorios, &c., excepting on the 23rd and 25th of December, when he will appear at Clifton in a grand concert, and at Manchester in the "Messiah."

Applications to be addressed H. Jarrett, Esq., at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MAD. NITA NORRI will RETURN from her Provincial TOUR about the middle of January.

All communications respecting Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Norri, No. 8 Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS (The Queen's Concert Rooms).—The Proprietor, Mr. COCKS, of New Burlington Street, has the satisfaction to announce that the Restoration of these Rooms (unrivalled for their acoustic properties) is now approaching completion. The Establishments have been designed in a style suitable to the character of a building honoured for nearly a century past with royal patronage, the arena of the triumphs of the "Concerts of Ancient Music" and the far-famed "Philharmonic Society," and where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience, and conducted his Symphonies, composed expressly to be performed in these time-honoured Rooms. The decorations throughout the building are costly and elaborate, while especial attention has been paid to the greater convenience and comfort of visitors, by the addition of lavatories, &c. The external repairs, however, have been unavoidably postponed till the autumn of next year. The refreshment department is confided to an eminent restaurateur, but parties will be at liberty to provide their own refreshments. Engagements may now be made for Concerts, Balls, Soirées, Lectures, Bazaars, Fancy Fairs, Meetings, Sabbath Services, &c., dating from the first week in January next. On the completion of the restoration, the Rooms will be open for inspection.—Information as to terms and other particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., pianoforte manufacturers, and music publishers to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III.—London, 6, New Burlington Street, and 4, Hanover Square, Regent Street, W., Dec. 7, 1861.

CHOIR BOY.—There is a vacancy in a London Church Choir for a boy with a good voice, having some knowledge of Music. He will receive a general education, be trained in singing, and paid a salary proportionate to his acquirements. Apply to Mr. FITTMAN, THE CHAPEL, LINCOLN'S INN.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF and **Mr. OLE BULL** beg to announce that they intend making a tour through the provinces for Concerts and Oratorios, accompanied by first-rate Artists, to commence on Monday, Feb. 17th, 1862. Full particulars will be shortly announced. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett (Musical and Concert Agent), at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME ALBERT'S FIRST EVENING CONCERT

will take place on Tuesday, December 17th, 1861, at WESTBOURNE HALL, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater. Vocalists, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Willoye Cooper, Instrumentalists; Violin, Mr. Edward W. Thomas; Violoncello, Mr. Pettit; Piano, Madame Albert. Accompanists, Messrs. Benedict and W. Dorrell. Family Tickets to admit four to Stalls, 21 4s.; Ditto to Reserved Seats, 16s.; Single Ticket Stalls, 7s. 6d., and Reserved Seats, 5s. each; Body of the Hall, 2s. 6d., to be had of Messrs. Cocks and Co., and Messrs. Ashdown and Parry.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.

January 2nd, 1862.—Mr. LAND begs to announce a GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, on Thursday Evening, January 2nd, when the celebrated Vocalists Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio (Soprano) and Mlle. Barbara Marchisio (Contralto), from the Grand Opera, Paris, and the principal Continental Theatres, will have the honour of making their first appearance in this country.—Further particulars will be duly announced, and to be obtained at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Wood's, 201 Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street; and at Mr. Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street. The provincial tour with the Sisters Marchisio will commence on January 6th.

RANDEGGER'S NEW TRIO, "I NAVIGANTI"

(The Mariners). Will be sung THIS EVENING, at Willis's Rooms, by Mlle. Parepa, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Thomas.

THE CECILIAN PITCH PIPE (a new invention), for the waistcoat pocket, is superior to all others, being much more powerful in tone than any other at present in use—the pitch does not vary, whether sounded Piano or Forte—is easily repaired, or the pitch altered if required.

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SONG,

THE WORDS BY

JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.,

THE MUSIC BY

NIELS W. GADE.

"Christ came to earth upon this day,
 That sin might be forgiven,
 And in an humble manger lay,
 The holy Lord of heaven.
 The guiding star above Him shone,
 And shepherds hail'd the Holy One.
 Hallelujah, praise our Lord!"

"Arise, my soul, no longer mourn,
 Rejoice in thy salvation;
 In David's city One is born,
 Who brings us consolation.
 Betake thee to that Infant mild,
 Thyself in innocence a child.
 Hallelujah, praise our Lord!"

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TARANTELLA.—Dedicated to Prince Eugene, Duc de

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DER WIRBELWIND.—Galop di Bravura 6s.

"This composition possesses a freshness and vigour, which produces a most delightful sensation of cheerfulness, while it is perfectly free from the smallest approach to vulgarity."—*Torquay Directory*.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.—Grand Fantasia 5s.

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"Mr. Fowler's Compositions for the Pianoforte, as well as his performances on that instrument, have long been exceedingly popular here. His compositions are full of originality and feeling, brilliant and highly effective, and faultless with regard to the rules of Harmony, Counterpoint, Rhythm, and form."—*Torquay Directory*.

Hope Villa, Torquay, October 1861.

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"TA-KU" POLKA-MAZOURKA,

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JAMES BYRN,

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DUFF AND HODGSON'S,

65. OXFORD STREET.

Price 2s. 6d.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Fourth

Season, 1862.—The following is the proposed scheme for 1862. At St. James's hall:—Two Conversazioni, on Wednesday evenings, January 29 and July 2; Four Orchestral Concerts, on Wednesday evenings, March 12, April 30, May 21, and June 11. At the Marylebone Institution:—Two Trials of New Chamber Compositions, on Wednesday evenings, February 26 and November 12; Four Fellows' Meetings, on Wednesday evenings, February 5, March 26, June 4, and November 26. The Annual General Meeting of the Society (Fellows and Associates) on February 5. Conductor of the orchestra, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Members' tickets for 1862 are now ready for delivery at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, No. 201, Regent Street. Any reserved numbered seat not already engaged may be secured for the series of concerts, on payment of an extra sum of 10s. 6d. Information relative to the admission of new members, and the scheme for 1862, may be obtained of Messrs. Cramer and Co., and of the Hon. Secretary, CHARLES SALAMAN, 36, Baker Street, Portman Square, W. St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL PRESENTS.—Gratis and Postage Free,

a Copious LIST of MUSICAL WORKS of all Classes, suitable for presentation. The "Burlington Album for 1862," 15s. (N.B.—A few copies remain of the issue for 1861, price 10s.) Elegant drawing-room pianofortes, very eligible as presents for the season, at £25, £35, and £40. Prospectus, with drawings, gratis and post free. Pianos for hire from 10s. a month upwards. London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—JUBILEE YEAR.—

The Directors respectfully announce that the Eight Concerts of next Season will take place at the Hanover-Square Rooms on the following evenings:—March 10 and 24, April 7, May 5 and 19, June 2, 16, and 30. And that a Ninth, or JUBILEE CONCERT, will take place on July 14. Due notice will be given of the time when Tickets will be issued, and other particulars.

TO MUSICAL AMATEURS, PROFESSORS, &c.—A

choice collection of Manuscripts in the handwriting of the most celebrated composers: Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Spontini, Paer, Halévy, Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Döhler, Heller, &c. &c., to be sold together or separately. Apply (free) to A.S., at Duncan Davison and Co.'s foreign music warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MOZART, HAYDN AND BEETHOVEN.—A variety

of Symphonies in FULL SCORE to be disposed of by an Amateur. For particulars, address Musicus, 3 Dorne Place, Loughboro' Road, Brixton.

BLUMENTHAL'S new Compositions for the PIANO-

FORTE, "The days that are no more," Madame Sainton's popular song, transcribed, price 3s., and "Un petit Cadeau," Bluettes, 3s.

London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Just Published. Price 2s.

ROMANCE, for the Piano, by G. W. HAMMOND,

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. R. Cowley Powles. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. GEORGE FORBES' New Compositions for the

Pianoforte—

"Marie," Mazurka de Boudoir 3s.

"Blanche," Valse Brillante 3s.

London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Reviews.

"*La Vivandière*;" "*La Prière d'une Mère*;" "*The Angel's Harp*"—for the pianoforte—composed by J. THEODORE TREKELL (Chappell and Co.).

The first is an "*Impromptu Militaire*;" the second is a "*Réverie*;" the third (and on the whole the most commendable) is a "*Rhapsodie*" (why not Rhapsody?—seeing that the rest of the title-page is in English); all three are (more or less) original pieces for the pianoforte, which have the merit of *not* being made out of operatic airs or "popular ballads," besides the advantage of being tolerably easy to play.

"*The Lanka Quadrilles*;" "*The Kandy Rifle Volunteers' March*"—for the pianoforte—by G. GASSNER (Boosey and Sons).

We have volunteers, too, in Ceylon. *Tant mieux*. The more the merrier. If our Kandy riflemen are to be inspired to deeds of arms by the strains of military music, they can hardly do better than make their bands play the vigorous "*March*" of Mr. Gassner as often as possible. Both its themes are good—an elegant trio in A flat contrasting gracefully with the spirited subject upon which the March commences. The *Lanka Quadrilles* are as lively, tuneful, and rhythmical as could be wished.

"*The Blue Bells of Scotland*"—arranged for the pianoforte—by J. L. HATTON (Boosey and Sons).

A brief introduction; the old air newly harmonised; three variations, happily contrasted; and a few bars of brilliant coda; all well contrived and effectively written—as might have been expected from Mr. Hatton.

"*Two Hundred and Fifty Chants, single and double*"—adapted for voice, organ, harmonium, or pianoforte—by RUDOLF NORDMANN (Boosey and Sons).

A rich and varied collection, containing some of the most genuine specimens of Purcell, Boyce, Tallis, Croft, Greene, Gibbons (Orlando), and other eminent English church-composers.

"*The Golden Wreath*"—by T. MURBY (Boosey and Sons).

"*The Golden Wreath*" is a collection of "twenty songs for youth," adapted to popular melodies, and on the whole selected with exemplary discretion.

Six Christmas Carols—with pianoforte or organ accompaniments—edited by W. BIRCH (Boosey and Sons).

A Welcome Christmas Gift. We are glad to find the Emperor of "Carols"—"God rest ye! merry Christians"—among the six. "The Boar's head" is racy; "Come, let us celebrate the day," appropriate and pretty; "Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!" quaint and Christmasy; "Christians, awake!" inspiring; and "A Christmas Carol," excellent. But best of all, we repeat, is "God rest ye! merry Christians;" and this, in spite of the "melancholy minor" key. For our part we never desire to see, or hear, any "carol" but this. It cannot be surpassed, and could hardly be equalled. We would have the "Waits" sing and play no other, except perhaps, now and then, "Nowell!"† which (also in the "minor") is decidedly next best. Mr. Birch has performed his task of harmonist unexceptionably; and the words are throughout good.

* "Mobled is good;" so is "Christmas-y."

† "Noel" in French.

"*Boosey's Musical Cabinet*."—Nos. 62 and 65 (BOOSEY and SONS).

No. 62 consists of the most attractive melodies in Mr. Howard Glover's opera of *Ruy Blas*, admirably arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. Rudolf Nordmann. No. 65 comprises 100 reels, country dances, jigs, Highland flings, strathspeys, and what not—a collection, rich and rare, of the national dances, not merely of Britain, but of all countries, including even Persia and Circassia.

"*La Vivandière*," *valse militaire*; "*Fantasia sur 'Un Ballo in Maschera*;" "*Galop de 'Rigoletto*;" "*Mazurka d'Un Ballo in Maschera*;"—pour piano—RENE FAVARGER (Chappell and Co.).

The "*Galop*" and "*Mazurka*"—both genuine examples of Verdi's fancy and talent in the composition of dance music—are arranged to perfection, and will no doubt find numerous admirers among amateur pianists of all grades. The *Fantasia* too—in which the delicious quintet, "E scherz' od e follia," figures prominently—has also some excellent points, and is brilliant without being difficult. The "*Valse militaire*" is but so-so. M. Favarger is happier with other peoples' materials than with his own.

"*Ballade Orientale*;" "*Il mio Tesoro*," *Cavatine, transcritte et variée—pour le piano*—POLYDORE DE VOS (Cramer, Beale and Wood).

We have nothing to say against the "*Ballade Orientale*," except that it is somewhat dull, and that the "why" of its orientalism does not plainly appear; but for the hash made out of Mozart's exquisite melody we have nothing but unqualified condemnation. M. de Vos writes well enough for the piano, although his muse is not particularly inventive; and he should know better than to make mince meat of such things as "*Il mio tesoro*," with the divine spirit of which he has evidently no sympathy.

"*The Skylark*"—Words by the ETRICK SHEPHERD, music by JOHN RAYMOND (Joseph Williams).

The Ettrick Shepherd's well-known and beautiful apostrophe to the "Skylark" has been set in a kindred spirit by Mr. Raymond, whose melody, bright and joyous, rings in the ear like the song of the bird it seeks to illustrate. The accompaniments are as simple as could be wished, and the whole thing indeed, is the model of a plain ballad.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS is giving a series of *Soirées Musicales*, for the practice of vocal and instrumental music, sacred and secular, at her residence in Bedford Square. Her choir, consisting chiefly of amateurs from the higher classes of society, has acquired an unusual degree of proficiency. The delicacy and precision with which they executed Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, at one of the later *soirées*, show how completely a good musician, and an excellent accompanist like Mrs. Holman Andrews, can keep a body of singers under command, and oblige them to pay attention to "light and shade," and the other requisites necessary to produce the effects intended by a composer. Mrs. Holman Andrews deserves praise for the high amount of training she has put her aristocratic pupils under. Some well selected four-part songs and standard glees are included in the programmes, and render "an evening with Mrs. Holman Andrews" both improving and agreeable.

MR. SWIFT IN DUBLIN.—In writing of one of Grisi's recent "farewell" performances, the reporter for *Saunders' News Letter*, speaking of Mr. Swift, says:—"The Pollio of Mr. Swift was amongst the best renderings of this part that we have heard for many years in Dublin. His voice, always a tenor of great sweetness, has gained considerably in power since we heard him last, without losing a particle of its melody. He was encored and rapturously applauded in the 'Me protegge,' and other solos incidental to his part. He was equally happy in the concerted pieces."

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 5.

I HAVE a multitude of small matters to communicate, which will make my letter a sort of mince-pie—appropriately enough in anticipation of approaching Christmas. Order and method will therefore be banished; and, as in the delicacy alluded to, a lump of suet is juxtaposed to a fragment of lemon candy, and the heterogeneous jumble is further jumbled by other inscrutable additions, so will good, bad, indifferent, and mysterious elements rush into fortuitous concourse in the following letter. May the compound prove no less savoury but much more digestible than the term of comparison I have chosen for it.

Mouthful the first.—M. Victorien Sardou, author of the *Pattes de Mouche*, has written an opéra comique for the Théâtre Lyrique, which is accepted, and the composer who is associated with him is M. Vaucorbeil. They say the poem is good, and the music likewise. It may be hoped, in this case, that the manager of this house is going to turn over a new leaf, and do something for the encouragement of art in its true sense. This same M. Sardou is the popular dramatist of the day—which does not prevent his making lamentable failures every now and then. What is the good of being popular if you cannot make your indulgent patron swallow a few pecks of trash? M. Sardou works his vein of popularity with might and main, as is the worst with all popular authors, until it yields kicks instead of ha'pence, and then they desist with many curses on the fickleness of fame. Sardou is still in the ha'pence stage of his career. He has a new piece, called *Nos Intimes*, at the Vaudeville, which is said to be quite a work of merit; but I don't believe it, though it draws crowds. The loose, frothy stuff, the greasy skimmings of the *pot au feu* of social common-place, which passes here and elsewhere for *comédie de mœurs*, is antagonistic to the stability of my stomach. But I suppose, as your taster-general, I shall have to make myself bilious and flatulent with a few spoonful of the mawkish mess. Faugh! An ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination! Here it is. Alfred de Musset presents the deodorising agent in the shape of a charming comedy, in three acts, entitled, *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*, which the Théâtre Français has borrowed from the defunct poet's published works, with some slight modifications to fit it for performance. It is capably acted by Mesdames Favart and Jouassain, and MM. Provost, Delaunay, Monrose, Barré, &c. There is still much talk and excitement in anticipation of the chant which Rossini has composed, or rather remodelled, for the benefit of the Cherubini fund. "The Titans," it is to be called. It was written, two years ago, to some very fine lines by the husband of Mad. Ferraris, the celebrated danseuse, whose name (the husband's) is M. Torre. Italians who have read the poem are enchanted with its vigour and rough energy, appropriate to the theme. Here is the first stanza:—

"Guerra — sterminio! e questo
Sol del Titano il grido
Quanto son numi io sfido
Giove con lor cadra!"

The chant was originally composed for one voice with a piano-forte accompaniment, but Rossini has arranged it for four voices with instrumental accompaniment.

Mouthful the second.—A Milan paper devoted to music has been publishing a series of letters from authors, actors, composers, and other celebrities, addressed to a music publisher of Italy, M. G. Ricordi. Among them is a letter from the singer Donzelli, recommending to Ricordi the singer Lablache, at that time almost utterly unknown. Translated it stands thus:—

"Palermo, October 15, 1817.

"Dear Friend,—I admonish you that the artist I am introducing to you is a primo buffo; he calls himself Luigi Lablache. He is only twenty-three, but I can assure you that he is even now of the calibre of the brave friend Galli, as much in figure as in voice. See what you can do for him; I assure you that neither you nor I, in procuring him an engagement, will cut a bad figure. The theatre which would seem best to suit Lablache is La Scala; he would fill that house with his great voice, and would bring to memory Galli.

"Your friend,

"DONZELLI."

M. Rubinstein, nothing daunted by the equivocal success of his

last opera, is said to be preparing another on the subject of *Lalla Rookh*. Prosit. But I do not think it will set the Neva on fire; which reminds me that the Liceo at Barcelona, destroyed by fire last April, is being rebuilt, and is, in fact, almost in a complete state. The opening will be in January next.

Mouthful the third.—A recent sale of autographs in Paris has occasioned the publication of several interesting passages from letters written by eminent musicians, actors, singers, managers, &c. Among such may be cited the following from Meyerbeer to M. Germain Delavigne, recording his high opinion of Nourrit:—"As for facility, you have as much as he (Scribe) can have, and if we were together we should not need any one. Such not being the case, this is what I propose: let us come back to our first idea of taking in Ad. Nourrit as a collaborator. He understands divinely how to lay out for music; he is full of intelligence, and besides, as a man, is of the noblest and most elevated character."

The following scrap from Baptiste Aîné of the Comédie Française might be taken home to the present generation, without abatement of its scourging bitterness:—

"Bad taste is gaining upon us, or else poltroonery. People want to execute without devoting too much attention to the matter; to weep without being moved; to laugh without honest gaiety. A frittering style, wit on a needle's point, rose-scented packets or assafoetida, in short, drawing-room, and consequently, quite insignificant comedy, this is what is required by the people of Israel and by us."

The following contains a bit of unconscious self-painting by old Kalkbrenner; it was written in 1818, and touches on abuses not yet altogether swept away:—

"It is impossible to obtain a footing at the Conservatoire, either to play or to get a symphony played. I must tell you that this is a very singular country; everything is done by intrigue and by women; talent is only in the second rank. You must write in the papers, and shout out very loud, 'I am a great man,' and at last people will say, 'Well, since he says it, it must be so—he is a great man.' *Mutatis mutandis de te fabula narratur*—my poor priggish old chalkburner."

A letter from Miss Adelaide Kemble is among those recommending a certain artist as strong enough for any part, as he had twice carried her in his arms without any signs of breaking down. The person who furnishes these epistolary fragments to the paper from which I take them, and who signs himself A. Dureau, thinks it fine to sneer, *apropos* of this mild jest of the ex-prima donna, at English facetiousness or want of facetiousness, and calls the thing not bad for *une Anglaise*. When will Frenchmen learn to talk only of what they understand? They are all shamefully ignorant of the language, literature, manners, habits and modes of thought of other nations, and pass off their puppyish blindness under the mask of affected contempt. Because Frenchmen are blundering and ridiculous in this country, we know better than to set them all all down as fools and jackanapes. Many Englishmen can, however, judge perfectly of their general aptitude for humour or wit, and will pronounce them, on excellent grounds, lamentably deficient in a quality upon which they set the more store as they lack it the more remarkably. Conventional set jokes, made by the one or two smart Frenchmen they ever had, are bandied about incessantly, and this passes for national quickness of wit. Natural, or rather native, individual humour they have none, and their professed gaiety is a mechanical contrivance to prevent their sinking into absolute hebetude—the forced laugh and pumped-up spirits of a shallow, dull blockhead, who dreads a moment's earnest conversation lest it should betray the emptiness of his head or the callousness of his heart. I should like to know who this Dureau is, and what he has ever written or said to prove his title to snigger at English humour. I have a good mind to challenge him to an encounter of wit in his own language, but that it would be perhaps cowardly to take such an advantage.

Mouthful the fourth.—M. Eugène Frévoit has returned from New Orleans.

Mouthful the fifth.—M. Eugène Frévoit was *premier chef d'orchestre* at the French Opera of New Orleans; and on his return to his native land to breathe his native air, the following graceful tribute of respect and esteem has been presented to him, the signatures to which speak trumpet-tongued for the merits of the individual to whom it is addressed:—

"To Monsieur Eugène Prévost, late pensionary of France in Rome, first chief of the orchestra of the French Opera of New Orleans, knight of the royal order of Charles III. of Spain, &c. &c."

"Paris, November 1, 1861."

"Monsieur and honourable *confrère*,—Having learned that you were returned from America, we seize this occasion to offer you collectively the expression of our lively gratitude. Thanks to your talent as a *chef d'orchestre*, and to your zeal as a fellow-countryman, the lyrical repertoire of three great Parisian stages has become, for the last twenty-three years, that of distant countries."

"Receive, then, monsieur and dear *confrère*, our sincere and unanimous thanks, and believe truly that the former pensionary of Rome, the author of *Cosima*, has not been forgotten by us; and that when the public papers bring us from America flattering news of our works represented at New Orleans, it is pleasing to us to refer the great share of their success to you."

"May this written proof, monsieur and dear *confrère*, of our gratitude be sometimes read over again by you, when you shall be far away from our dear country."

"Accept once more, monsieur and dear *confrère*, the assurance of our esteem, and of the gratitude with which we term ourselves your devoted friends and *confrères*."

"(Signed) G. Rossini, Auber, F. Halévy, Carafa, Ambroise, Thomas, L. Clapisson, M. Reber, F. Massé, Félicien David, Grisar, G. Meyerbeer, H. Berlioz, G. Kastner, A. Elwart, secretary."

MOUTHFUL THE LAST!—A CHOKER!—The above is not a hoax, and I admit that its facetiousness is not to be surpassed by any *Anglais* or *Anglaises* born in the present century. What civilisation and better intercommunication with our neighbours may do hereafter, no one can say. This way of puffing yourself through the trumpet of another is worthy of imitation, if only for its ludicrous effect.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert took place on Tuesday the 26th ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The following was the programme. Part I.—1. Overture to *Hamlet*, by Niels W. Gade (first time); 2. Concerto (No. 2) for violoncello, by Goltermann, executed by Herr A. Schmit, teacher at the Conservatory; 3. "Ave, Maria," for female voices, with orchestral accompaniment, by Johannes Brahms (first time); 4. Symphony in G minor, by Mozart. Part II.—"Die erste Walpurgisnacht," by Goethe, composed for soli, chorus and orchestra, by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The two novelties achieved rather a *succès d'estime* than an enthusiastic triumph. Even leaving out of consideration the strange idea (with which, it is true, three or four other composers had previously been seized) of writing a musical prologue to such a tragedy as Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, seeing that the piece, as a whole, affords absolutely no opportunity for musical expression, Gade's overture, considered merely in a musical light, is not an inspired work, but simply an ordinary, nicely written piece of music, without, however, the advantage of any originality in the instrumentation, a quality which renders his symphonies so taking. J. Brahms' "Ave, Maria," voluntarily renounces all claim to the impression that a female chorus, purely sang, invariably produces on us, on account of its neglect of harmony in simplicity, which choruses for female voices absolutely demand. Shril modulations, and sharply piercing notes, which go through one, produce a disagreeable effect, because they constitute a glaring contrast to the grace and mildness of the female character. The motives, too, or rather the motive, for there is only one, is deficient in the language of fervour and devotion requisite in a prayer. The mere announcement of the Symphony in G minor was hailed with delight by the lovers of real music, and their expectations were completely satisfied by a performance admirably delicate, and, in the proper place, full of passion. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" was, as it always is, most warmly applauded. We feel bound to state, however, that we have but rarely heard this unique and genial work so well played as on this occasion. The two principal solo parts, moreover, tenor and bass, were exceedingly well sung by Herr A. Pütz, of this place, and Herr J. Remmert, of Düsseldorf, so that the whole work, with the aid of the fine chorus and band, conducted as we are accustomed to hear things conducted by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, impressed the audience profoundly.—A recent letter from Venice contains the following piece of intelligence: Richard Wagner has left for Venice, where he intends stopping some time. The question which has so long excited the curiosity of all musical circles, namely, whether his *Tristan und Isolde* would be brought out in the Austrian capital, is at length, decided. The score has been purchased for a considerable sum (a sort of compensation, as

it were, for his long and fruitless sojourn in Vienna), and the opera will not be produced. On account of the total want of melody in it, may more, of the absence of anything like melodic or rhythmical symmetry, this opera contains so many nuts perfectly uncrackable by the memory of the surest singers, that a musical wit observed: "Wagner would be obliged to provide regular memories of the Future before the work could be produced." Before his departure, Wagner had the overture and several of the scenes rehearsed, for the benefit of a select circle of confidential friends. On perceiving some astonished faces, he remarked that, in *Isolde* he had certainly gone a few steps farther than in *Lohengrin*. "Say a hundred miles," replied Ander. In fact, a pianoforte trial convinced every one, that the innumerable rehearsals necessary to get up *Tristan* would ruin the voices of the singers, and completely deprive the public of the services of the principal members of the company for a very long period. Apropos of Wagner, the production of his *Tannhäuser*, according to a statement which has gone the round of the German papers, cost the management of the Grand Opera in Paris a pretty penny. The *mise-en-scène* generally costs 80,000 francs; twelve Sundays on which there was no performance occasioned a loss of 60,000 francs; the extra orchestral rehearsals necessitated an expenditure of 20,000 francs; and the engagement of Mad. Tedesco, the tenor Niemann, and the barytone Morelli, for seven months, took 105,000 francs more out of the treasury, making a grand sum total of 265,000 francs, all money thrown away, seeing that the opera was performed only three times, and that the fire in the scene-rooms did not spare the scenery of *Tannhäuser*. Of a truth the Music of the Future appears rather a costly amusement. The building of the new theatre is being pushed forward with great activity. The work of roofing in has already begun, and, unless the weather should be very unfavourable, will be completed in a very short time. The new theatre will be much larger than the old one, and contain 1800 persons. The managers of the Conservatory of Music have determined on giving, during the winter, a series of so-called Musical Evenings in the large room of the establishment. At these Musical Evenings, the audience will consist of subscribers to the institution, and other patrons and lovers of art, and the students will gradually learn to face a more numerous public, and give proof of the progress they may have made. The first concert of the series took place on the 2nd inst., when the young aspirants for artistic fame acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. The programme consisted of compositions by Rode and Beethoven for the violin; Capriccio in E major by Mendelssohn; concerto in A flat major, by Hummel; sonata, with violin, in E flat by Beethoven, and suite by J. S. Bach, for piano; soprano aria in F from *Don Juan*; female chorus, by Cherubini; alto aria from *Hercules*, by Handel, and a couple of two part-songs, new, by Ferdinand Hiller.—(From an occasional Correspondent.)

PARIS.—M. Musard from Paris has been here. He was announced beforehand with a grand flourish of trumpets, but was only moderately successful. To entitle a selection of waltzes and quadrilles, with, at most, only too or three light overtures, a grand concert, is rather too good a joke. Concerts of this kind should have been performed in the dining-room of an hotel, and not in a theatre. The sole interesting feature about them was M. Legendre's solo playing on the cornet-à-piston.

BREMEN.—The Künstler-Verein have commenced operations for the winter season. At the first meeting, Professor Gravenhorst recited fragments from a new poetical version of the *Odyssey*, in which he treats the songs of Homer, as he formerly treated the Greek tragic writers, although with greater freedom and more in accordance with modern forms. After his recital, three members of the musical department of the Association, Herren Streundner, C. Schmidt, and Cabisius, jun., performed a trio by Anton Rubinstein. The next meeting, on the 20th ult., was dedicated to the memory of Handel, when the musical members availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of performing a work of that master, which has scarcely ever been heard here. This was one, or, to speak more correctly, two of the Oboe-Concertos, or *concertante* orchestral works, composed by Handel in the years 1716, 1720, inclusive, when he was musical director of the Duke of Chandos at Cannons. There is every reason to believe that these compositions were never played in Germany during the last century, while, during the present one, they have only been performed once in Dresden, namely, last winter. On the present occasion Dr. F. Chrystander, Handel's biographer, had the kindness to place the score in his possession at the disposal of the Association. These compositions had been most carefully rehearsed, and were admirably performed under the direction of Herr Rheinthal. They are most interesting, not only as specimens of the mode of thought and instrumentation of the period at which they were written, as well as of the master's style, but they are conceived in a grand and comprehensive spirit, and betoken the mind of their creator, which was subsequently so powerfully developed. They are shortly to be published in conjunction

with other pieces, such as the Organ-Concertos, the Water-Music, etc., with which they bear an affinity. They were preceded by some of Handel's finest bass arias, the performance having been previously inaugurated by a biographical introduction, giving a short account of the great master's labours, divided into three principal periods,—his years of study and travel, up to 1720; the years he devoted to the composition of operas, from that date up to 1720; and those he dedicated to oratorios, from the conception of *The Messiah* to his death in 1759.—The second Private Concert, on the 19th ult., proved, by the performance of Mad. Clara Schumann, a worthy pendant to the first of the series, when Joachim delighted the audience. Mad. Schumann played Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and *The Carnival*, one of her husband's earliest compositions, whose second symphony in C major was afterwards executed by the orchestra, as a mark of their respect for this gifted lady. The orchestra executed, also, Mozart's overture to *Figaro*, and Beethoven's to *Leonore* (No. 3, C major). Mlle. Mathilde Enequist Biondini, of Paris, sang Mendelssohn's Concert-Aria and an elegant *bravura* piece, with violin accompaniment, by Victor Massé. The opera is going on very well, and every praise is due to the management for the manner in which it is conducted.—*From an occasional Correspondent.*

MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

THE operas in Dublin have been given in the following order:—Tuesday, December 3rd, *Lucrezia Borgia*; Wednesday, 4th, *Rigoletto*; Thursday, 5th, *Norma*; Saturday, 7th, *Trovatore*. Speaking of the performance of *Rigoletto*, the *Freeman's Journal* says:—

"The rôle of the prima donna (Gilda) was sustained by Mlle. Dario, a youthful cantatrice, who sang for the first time on any stage in an entire opera. Mlle. Dario possesses a pure soprano voice of exquisite quality and ample range, and has evidently had the advantage of adequate professional culture. In addition to these, she has great natural intelligence, and an appearance in the highest degree prepossessing and intellectual. Her rendering of the cavatina 'Caro nome,' which abounds in difficult staccato passages, was perfectly faultless in tone and execution, and elicited the enthusiastic plaudits of the house. Again in the duet with Signor Galvani (the Duke), 'E il sol dell'anima,' she was heard with charming effect. Her crowning effort, however, histrionic as well as vocal, was the duet with Rigoletto (Signor Cresci), 'Tutte le peste.' Here she displayed a richness of vocal resource, and a vivid conception of the exigencies of her part, which proved her to be an artist 'to the manner born.' It is needless to say that the fair *débütante* was rapturously applauded. Mlle. Dario, who, it may not be uninteresting to state, is the daughter of Irish parents, natives of Belfast, is still extremely youthful, and it is therefore not anticipating too much in predicting for her a brilliant professional career. Signor Galvani acquitted himself admirably throughout as the Duke, and in the 'Donna e mobile' was warmly encored. Nothing could be more effective than the performance of Signor Cresci as Rigoletto, and the same remark applies to Signor Ciampi as Spara Fucile."

From the same paper we take a notice of *Norma*, which opera seems to have excited an enthusiasm unusual even in the Dublin Theatre Royal:—

"A crowded and fashionable house assembled last evening in the Theatre Royal to enjoy, perhaps for the last time, the performance of the greatest dramatic lyrist of the present day in her great character of *Norma*, which, whether looked upon as a musical or histrionic creation, has never had so true and successful an exponent as Mad. Grisi. She appeared last night before an audience perhaps as fastidiously critical as any in Europe, many of whom have heard her in the palmy days of her brilliant career; but we question if she was ever listened to with more wrapt attention or greeted with warmer enthusiasm than on this occasion. Her appearance on the stage as the Druid priestess was the signal for loud and general applause, which was reiterated again and again, until the great cantatrice seemed to be embarrassed by the deep feeling evidently excited in her heart by the cordial and impressive greeting accorded to her. The first notes of her voice were heard in the recitative prefacing the grand aria, 'Casta Diva,' which she gave with matchless grace and expression. Loud and repeated plaudits followed her execution of this fine solo. She was not less effective in the sweet cabaletta, 'Bello a me ritorno.' On few occasions has Mad. Grisi been more brilliantly successful, both as an actress and a vocalist, than she was last night in the grand scena with Pollio, especially in the 'Ah non tremar,' which she gave with all the well-remembered fire and vigour of her vocal and dramatic genius. Bouquets were showered around her from the boxes amidst thunders of applause."

"It is a most pleasing contingency to be in a position to give well-merited praise to a rarely gifted and deserving artist. The pleasure becomes still more enhanced when that praise has to be accorded to a young and fair countrywoman, and the daughter of a distinguished musician, a citizen of Dublin, Miss Ellen Conran, of whose merits as a musician and whose fame as a vocalist the American and British press have largely spoken, sustained last night the part of Adalgisa. On presenting herself on the Dublin stage for the first time in Italian opera last night, she was greeted with one of the most enthusiastic receptions we have ever witnessed—the house (to use an old stage term) 'rose at her' from boxes, pit, and galleries—the cheering was most vehement and protracted. Her vocal tones fell on the ears of an audience prepared to hear sweet music from her lips; but there was a power combined with a dulcet melody in her notes, coupled with a brilliancy of execution in the solo passages, which literally took the house by surprise. Her musical taste was displayed to the full in her exquisite sustainment of the duetto *morceaux* with Mad. Grisi, and if ever a *débütante* has had just reason to be proud of an enthusiastic reception at the hands of an appreciative audience, that person is Miss Ellen Conran. The Pollio of Mr. Swift was amongst the best renderings of this part that we have heard for many years in Dublin. His voice, always a tenor of great sweetness, has gained considerably in power since we heard him last without losing a particle of its melody. He was encored and rapturously applauded in the 'Me protegger,' and other solos incidental to his part. He was equally happy in the concerted pieces. The Oroveso of Signor Ciampi was beyond question good. The choruses were effectively and smoothly rendered. Signor Vianesi, the talented conductor of the music, and Mr. R. M. Levey, the equally gifted leader of the orchestra, discharged their respective duties with skill and taste-fulness. The last act of *Sonnambula* brought out a charming and sweet-voiced Amina, in the person of Mlle. Dario, who went through the arduous concluding scena in a manner that brought down the hearty plaudits of the audience."

This last week *Don Giovanni* and *Ballo in Maschera* have been given, the operas before mentioned having been repeated on the other nights. The party also appeared at the Philharmonic on Friday evening, Dec. 6th, and yesterday, at a morning concert. Mad. Grisi's positively last appearance on any stage will be in Dublin on Saturday, Dec. 21st. The opera will be *Norma*. It is said she will on this occasion be presented with a public address, and that great preparations are being made to celebrate the event. Among other "demonstrations," a torch-light procession, *à la tedesco*, is spoken of as having been organised in honour of the Diva by her ardent admirers.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THE success of Mr. Balfe's new opera, which, after the first performance we characterised as "indisputable," becomes more and more decided with each successive representation. The work, as we have already remarked, contains every element of popularity. The story is interesting, the dialogue amusing, the verses elegantly written, the melodies striking, original, and characteristic; the concerted pieces, though comparatively few in number, invariably well constructed; while the choruses, though still less numerous, are equally dramatic and effective. All the artists, moreover, without any exception, are fitted with characters eminently suitable to their histrionic powers, and with music singularly well adapted—with one exception, perhaps—to their vocal resources. With so much to recommend it, *The Puritan's Daughter*, as we observed a week ago, "can scarcely fail to be popular." Add to all the advantages we have cited, the important consideration that the orchestration is clever, spirited, ingenious and interesting, and none can wonder that those who were pleased with the opera at a first hearing have found their gratification increased by a second, that the theatre has been more and more crowded at each successive representation, and that the applause, while quite as genuine, was last night still more hearty and enthusiastic than on the occasion of its first performance.

Indeed, we cannot pay a higher compliment to the composer of *The Puritan's Daughter* than is implied in the opinion that very much of his opera improves greatly on acquaintance. The ballads, of course, impress the ear at once, as much on account of the unusual intervals purposely employed as of their melodic beauty, and these effusions must naturally fall upon the listener with equal rapidity; but such admirable compositions as the bright and spark-

ling opening chorus; the very cleverly written trio, "By the tempest overtaken," at the beginning of the second act, in which the King and Rochester beg hospitality of Clifford; all three subjects of which are charming, while the second is particularly melodious; the still more perfect succeeding trio, "My welcome also to this roof," to which the entrance of Colonel Wolf gives rise, and the interest in which is so well sustained by the lovely accompaniment; the quarrel between Charles and Clifford in the presence of Mary, still in the form of a trio, and opening with a fine phrase for the baritone on the words, "What man worthy of the name;" the finale to the act, again a trio, in which Mary's prayer for the safety of the king, Clifford's anxiety for his lady love, and Rochester's sleepy devotion to his punch-bowl, are all expressed and combined with rare skill and singular effect; and lastly, the noble hymn, "Man is but as summer grass;" all these compositions, we say, will give increased delight the oftener they are heard. But the musician's interest in *The Puritan's Daughter* will probably be sustained as much by the interesting orchestration as by the cleverly constructed concerted pieces. In the instrumentation of his operas, indeed, Mr. Balfe's natural tact and long experience stand him in equal stead; in this branch of his art he has scarcely a rival in the English school, and the only living composer to whom he in this respect bears resemblance is Auber, who, perhaps, has been more uniformly happy and successful in the scoring of his numerous works than any composer of any time. The remarks we made last week on Mr. Balfe's shortcomings—such as his disregard of the words he sets to music, and his neglect in observing what is called *couleur locale*, absolve us from the necessity of again alluding to the subject. We must, however, remark, for the hundredth time, how much the forced interpolation of sentimental ballads injures the effect of striking dramatic situations. When Clifford, for instance, hears from the lips of his betrothed that she is about to marry another, the distracted cavalier gives vent to his passionate despair in a smooth and melodious apostrophe, in two verses, to "Mem'ry," while the heart-broken Mary quietly takes a seat in the background—like "Patience on a monument smiling at (her lover's) grief." Again, in the last scene, it now being Mary's turn to sing a ballad, the blood-thirsty rage of a mob of infuriated Roundheads is suddenly arrested in order that the lady may discourse very sweetly—but again in two verses—on the qualities of a "loving daughter's heart." But these instances, even, do not prove the evil results of the system so well as the exception. We allude to the conspiracy scene, in which no ballads are introduced, and which we have no hesitation in pronouncing a masterpiece from beginning to end. The long and melodious prelude for four horns, which also forms the introduction to, and at the same time the most effective portion of, the overture, is not merely scenically useful in giving time for the conspirators to assemble and disperse, but is singularly suggestive of the mystery and secrecy which envelope their proceedings. Nothing can be more striking than the solemn strains, sung in unison, in which the Puritans take the oath; or more vigorously expressive of their bigoted zeal than the first phrase of the harmonised chorus, "Stern, relentless, we pursue;" or more picturesque and lively than the phrase with which the violins *con sordini* accompany the dialogue between Mary and Seymour; or more dramatically conceived than the declamatory passage—unaccompanied, except at its close, when the chorus is introduced on a single chord with fine effect—in which Mary swears to preserve silence about all she has seen and heard. One of the most striking subjects, by the by, of this scene, is frequently repeated in the after parts of the opera whenever the conspiracy is referred to, and always in the happiest manner. It would be ungracious to lay stress on the circumstance of a charming phrase, which constantly recurs in the last act, being very similar to one in the ball-room scene of *La Traviata*, or to object that other strains here and there are reminiscent both of Verdi and Auber; while it is, perhaps, idle even to remark that the fine melody for the baritone, "Why should ermined robes, forsooth?" will recall to mind "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" for such accidental resemblances are well-nigh unavoidable, and Mr. Balfe can certainly not be charged with lack of inventive power.

The opera has decidedly been much improved by considerable curtailments, all of which have been most judicious. Wolf's first ballad, Ralph's long scena or aria, and Clifford's song, "How peal

on peal of thunder," have all been excised, besides which Seymour's death agonies, and some small portions of dialogue, have also been dispensed with. The opera, however, is still too long, for it occupies more than three hours and a half in performance. In case of the dimensions of the work being still further reduced, we would recommend the omission of Wolf's cabaletta, "Can it be, do I dream?" which may very well be spared; and also of Rochester's ballad, "Hail, gentle sleep," which seems to us to be quite out of keeping with the character of the gallant courtier.

The performance is now quite as good as it was on the first night, and it could scarcely be better. We can still find only one fault with Miss Louisa Pyne's personation of the heroine, and that is in the delicate matter of costume. Setting aside the improbability of any lady of any period, and in any climate, walking through secret passages and about ruined chapels in a low dress of white satin, it is simply impossible that a Puritan's daughter could have been allowed ever to wear such a costume. This is not a matter of the highest importance; but in a performance for which, in all other respects, no praise could be excessive, the slightest blemish is conspicuous; and, indeed, the incongruity of Mary Wolf's appearance must strike the most indifferent observer. Miss Louisa Pyne's costume is in general a model of taste, and the Puritan's daughter will doubtless soon cease to be an exception to the rule. We have often had occasion to characterise her singing as "perfect," and if any word could still more strongly express our estimate of her achievements in her new character, we should not hesitate to use it. It is rare, indeed, to hear on any stage so sweet and sympathetic a voice, cultivated to the highest degree of refinement, and controlled by irreproachable taste. Miss Pyne's rendering of the very quaint ballad, "Pretty, modest, lowly flower," was charming; and for the cadence—which to us seems anything but agreeable—the composer, and not the vocalist, is responsible. Equally plaintive was her singing of the still more graceful ballad, "How well I recollect the night," the first subject of which is deliciously melodious and thoroughly original, while her execution of the rondo finale—only remarkable for its extreme difficulty—was wonderfully perfect. In the character of the Puritan's daughter, Miss Louisa Pyne manifests more than ordinary dramatic power; and, in the interview with the King, Mary's hysterical joy at Charles's promise that her lover's title shall be restored, was expressed with remarkable truthfulness and effect. Mr. Santley's Cavalier is in every respect a worthy companion of the Puritan's daughter. The sweet and luscious tones of his splendid voice, the remarkable elegance of his vocal phrasing, and the energy and fire of his acting, completely justify Mr. Balfe's bold innovation in writing the part of the lover—a genuinely sentimental lover, and not a Don Giovanni—for a baritone voice. Mr. Santley's singing was throughout unimpeachable. The delicacy with which he subdued his voice in the masterly trio which brings the second act to a close, and his fine delivery of the declamatory passages in the same scene, are not less worthy to be commended, though less striking than his passionate rendering of the ballad, "Bliss for ever past," which bids fair to rival in popularity any of Mr. Balfe's most popular previous efforts. The only vulnerable parts of Mr. Santley's performance are in connection with this same ballad. In the first place, he does very unwisely to repeat it night after night, although he certainly is sorely tempted by the enthusiastic applause it evokes. All the music for Clifford lies high for his voice, and his delivery of this song, fine and noble though it be, betrays already the inevitable effect of singing beyond his natural compass. His repetition of the ballad, too, increases the absurdity of the situation to which we have above referred. But, if the song is to be sung twice every night, it will surely be as well to transpose it, say from G flat to F; it would, we imagine, be quite as effective in the latter key, and Mr. Santley would then be able to sing it any number of times with perfect ease. In the libretto Clifford is directed to "sink stupefied on a chair" at the conclusion of his ballad. Mr. Santley, however, after declaring that his "heart is dead," falls full length on the ground as suddenly and violently as though he had been referring to the physical instead of the mental condition of that essential organ. Mary is thus compelled to commit the absurdity of singing over her lover's prostrate form, instead of running for assistance as other girls would naturally do. Mr. Harrison sustains his character with such genuine talent for

comedy as perhaps no other tenor in Europe could exhibit, and for which his most ardent admirers have hitherto not given him credit. He might, we think, do well to omit the "hiccough" in his singing of the "punch-song," as that operation is already suggested in the accompaniment; but his version of this most original inspiration is extraordinarily clever and spirited. We trust that Mr. Harrison's signal success in such comic characters as Corentin and Rochester will tempt him to pursue a line in which he would find no equal.—*Daily Telegraph*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. BROCK.—Of course it was "a misprint. Verses have come to hand.
T. W.—Received.
E. W. F.—Received.
R. M. C. (Bradford).—Always Welcome.
W. C. M.—Next time.
VALENTINE should wear spectacles. We believe there is no truth in the report about Drury Lane.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE Fifth Concert of the Fourth Season (and the last Concert before Christmas).—Monday Evening, December 16, 1861.—The Programme selected from the Works of VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

Last appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.—Second appearance of MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in B flat, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Kromer) (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque. Song, "The mighty trees are bending," *Die junge Nonne* (Schubert), Mlle. Florence Lancia. Song, "The Bell Ringer" (W. V. Wallace), Mr. Winn. Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte alone (Beethoven), (the 32nd and last sonata of Beethoven), Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.—Trio, in D minor, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Mendelssohn), Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Vieuxtemps, and M. Paque. Song, "A thousand miles from thee" (Frank Mori), Mlle. Florence Lancia. Song, "Se vuol ballare" (Mozart), Mr. Winn. Grand Septet, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double Bass (Beethoven), MM. Vieuxtemps, H. Webb, Lazarus, C. Harper, J. Hutchins, C. Severn, and Paque (repeated by general desire). Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

Between the last vocal piece and the Septet, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish not later than half-past ten o'clock.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL and CO., 50 New Bond Street, and of the principal Musicians.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

LATELY, when the proprietor of the Weston Hall, in Holborn—which by a pleasing fiction is supposed by many to be dedicated to music—took his benefit—proprietors

taking benefits is a supererogation of appeal for public support—the prices were doubled—what trust in his patrons! what dependence on popular relief on the part of the landlord!—and the hall was crowded to suffocation. Upwards of fifty pounds worth of champagne was sold, and of grilled suppers the calculation was beyond even the waiters' fathom. What quantity of spirituous liquid and bitter beer, with screws of the narcotic weed, was consumed, was still further removed from ordinary guess-work. The only means, perhaps, by which a solution of the problem might have been arrived at, was by admeasurement of the smoke, which, we are assured, was so dense and practicable, that it might have been carved with a knife and fork. The high patronage of "swells" is, beyond a doubt, involved in "five-shilling stalls, champagne and grilled suppers." The sum expended during the performance would more than have paid for a stall at the opera. Do "swells" really patronise these reeking booths where as much smoke as victuals and drink is nightly swallowed by partakers of suppers? or are "swells" absolutely of no account in the consideration of the use and appropriation of musical entertainments? Perhaps we do the "swells" injustice, and should rather apply the cognomen of "gents" to those miserable pleasure-seekers who are unable to distinguish between black and white, and can find no gratification except under the influence of spurious and violent excitement. To such smoke is the proper atmosphere, bitter beer the proper beverage, and songs of the "Oh! Bob Ridley, Oh!" genus the proper entertainment. Can such noughts in the human scale exercise any influence in determining the success of an amusement one way or the other? They can indirectly. Without taste or appreciation of any kind for music they may be attracted to these misnomered Concert-halls, and give them their support. The most brainless are not always devoid of feeling for malt and cigars, and perhaps the frequenters to these hot stews are mostly composed of such as have no mental resources, and are driven thither by physical requirements. The poor fellow who cannot think may yet find himself stirred to pleasure by smoking and drinking; and an occasional burthen or strain may fire his dull brain into something like ecstasy. Let us not suppose that music, *per se*, possesses any special attraction in these places. For a few, "Jump, Jim Crow" and "The Sands" may have profounder charms than the most melodious song of Mozart or Rossini; but the majority are enticed by the combination of allurements, wherein eating, drinking, smoking and smirking under bonnets, constitute no mean power over the "gentish" imagination. Ah! that "smirking under bonnets" is peradventure, the direst spell of all. The young ladies who "assist" at these halls are, indeed, syrens, whose beauty and agreements would thaw the frigidity of Ulysses himself, especially if stimulated to sensibility by birds-eye and whiskey. And can we blame them? Can we call those erring mortals who yield to the potentiality of book muslin and magenta ribbons? Forbid it Cupid, Venus and the Dame aux Camelias! We have fallen ourselves, and cannot proclaim our invincibility in the field of beauty!

There are two ways by which we may hope to see these Music-halls lose their power and prestige. First, by a change in the tastes of those who now support them; secondly, by the extraordinary growth they are now assuming, which must lead to a plethora. The most frantic admirers of slang tune, slang sentiment, and slang singing cannot go on for ever enraptured with the antics of the "celebrated Sam Cowell," the "inimitable Mackney," and the "Untiring Stead" (vide daily posters). We have listened more

than once (martyrs that we were!) to one or other of this renowned *terzetto*, and on no occasion could we gain a glimpse of meaning through the rank stupidities that assailed our ears and eyes. It seemed to us, indeed, that nothing was easier than to concoct (we mean, of course, to find) a "celebrated Sam," an "inimitable Mack," or an "untiring Stead." Given, for instance, a muscular man with bounding heels, great power of grimace, a screeching voice, genius to play on the bones or banjo, and copper confidence. Let him be dubbed with a sounding adjective. Set him in front of a footlight, pull the string, and bid him go on. His success is certain. We are told that Mr. Cowell and Mr. Mackney make each about 40*l.* per week. What sum the talents of the "Untiring Stead" figure at we cannot say. Possibly at something like that of his celebrated brother artists. Can this state of things endure? Assuredly not. Fools are not so plentiful that they can regulate taste their own way for any length of time; and common sense will in the end prevail over dulness, affectation and narrow-mindedness.

Best hope of all, and truest, is that the success of the Music-halls will induce to many similar speculations, which must lead to competition, and inevitably end in ruin. A greater number of Music-halls will demand a larger public; proprietors will embark in more lavish expenditure to ensure fuller attendances; distinction will be made, for the first time, between good, bad and indifferent; the rival halls, in short, will leave each other no chance of gaining profit, and the result will be the annihilation of all. Now is the time for the so-called Music-halls to reap a harvest. By and by the soil once so fertile will yield no crop.

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To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

"WHY"—asks the *Recensionen* of Vienna—"has Johanna Wagner (Mad. Jachmann) appeared in the drama?"

If we consider this lady's career—extending over more than twenty years—as a singer, the final result of her professional exertions does not strike us as occupying quite so prominent a place in the history of the modern stage as a number of German musical critics have taken upon themselves to represent. Her vocal efforts were deficient in the *creative element*, properly so speaking, for all that was most brilliant in them was founded upon the genial impersonations of Mad. Schröder-Devrient. In Berlin, Mad. Wagner's imposing figure exercised a special power of attraction, and her Orpheus gained for her the undivided approbation of the lovers of classical music. Although not of great compass, her voice possessed strength, and, in the lower register, rich volume. But, without pity for herself, she speedily ruined these advantages, by singing such parts as Valentine, Fidelio, &c., which required of her voice what was almost an impossibility. The friendly warning of criticism was allowed to pass by unheeded. Accustomed to lay on her colours thickly, what she principally aimed at, in her impersonations, were startling effects, which, as her voice, by being continually forced upwards and downwards, had become dull and flat, she was at last unable to produce. That a lady who has sung for ten years in one place, should have found a circle of admirers and enthusiasts, is something perfectly natural. Unfortunately, the applause lavished on her by these persons was no longer able to fire, lightning-like, the masses, and, despite all exertions in other quarters as well, Mad. Wagner was compelled to think of retiring from the Opera. In order that this step might not involve

her retirement from the stage altogether, an expedient was hit upon: it was agreed that her claim for a pension should be bought for a respectable sum, and, in addition, that her expressed wish to be allowed to appear in spoken drama should be granted. In this way was the appearance of Mad. Wagner, the singer, in Goethe's *Ifigenie* brought about, after due endeavours, by means of puffing, to gain over the sympathy of the public for this "first attempt."

"How"—continues the *Recensionen*—"did Mad. Wagner make her appearance in the drama?"

On the occasion of the festivities accompanying royal birthdays, people here, as a general rule, were not in the habit of seeing the theatre very crowded, and custom required that the audience should refrain from loud applause. The "dramatic attempt" of Mad. Wagner, the singer, drew a house crammed to the ceiling, and, with that want of tact, which usually distinguishes over-zealous friends, Mad. Wagner, in defiance of all precedent, was received with applause which seemed as though it would never cease, and honoured, in the course of the evening, with bouquets, just as if she had been an actress already crowned with fame. People, however, soon became aware that the "attempt" was not successful. The tumultuous abuse of applause, unfortunately now naturalised in ballet and opera, was transplanted into the more modest area of the theatre, and it is almost beyond dispute that a "higher" claque than the ordinary one intended to surprise the public, the critics, and the Intendant-General. A number of the Berlin critics were, it is true, bewildered by such a hubbub, and saved themselves from pronouncing an opinion, by indulging in cheap enthusiasm; the more prudent ones, however, although speaking with evident mildness and indulgence, were but little edified by Mad. Wagner's *Ifigenie*. Herr Rötischer, for instance, wrote as follows:—"Subsequent performances will enable us to say what share respect for the *dramatic singer* had in these ovations. That the lady should, immediately on her appearance, be greeted by uproarious applause, was not a mark of much tact, since Mad. Wagner was appearing for the first time in this branch of art. Indeed she will do well, as a rule, to seek protection against blundering friends, who, to judge by this first sample, can only injure her. The present criticisms ought to be addressed exclusively to the *aspirant* in this new field for her exertions. If we were to mention everything with which we disagreed, we should be obliged to extend our notice into a regular treatise." We are, therefore, not alone in our tolerably candid criticism, and it was to be feared that the public, as in so many other instances, would suffer from a terrible reaction, after their fit of frenzy was over. When personal sympathy has cooled down a little, people will at length endeavour to determine in what consists the difference between, and the merit of, the peculiar mental task of a singer and an actress, for a part like Goethe's *Ifigenie* is far from being properly represented by any one possessing only a majestic form without a large amount of deep feeling.

Even the second performance of *Ifigenie* was moderately attended, and the applause trifling. But the second part, Maria Stuart, quite sobered the public. Mad. Wagner's action was moderate, but unmeaning. Her best scene was that with Burleigh, though here again we heard nothing save hollow and monotonous declamation, overloaded with ponderous false accentuation. We perceived no sign of anything like soul or intensity of feeling. The grand scene in the third act, stripped of all declamatory spirit, was dull and colourless, the actress anxiously avoiding the exhibition of aught approaching passion.

On the 2nd November, Mad. Wagner appeared as Orsina, in *Emilia Galotti*, and, although nearly ashamed of so much blame, we confess we never before heard the Prince's deserted mistress represented with greater roughness and coarseness of tone, while the unfavourable impression thus produced, was increased by an unbecoming dress. Where was the proud Italian woman, the fiery and passionate Orsina, whose exasperated soul, filled with the desire of revenge, is meditating the death of the faithless Prince? Lessing's dialogue brought out, on this occasion, no fiery excitement, no feverish emotion; the actress had not the slightest conception of the part. The vision in which a "Himmliche Fantasie" should dawn, "as though in a trance," upon the hapless Orsina, now almost mad, was spoken by Mad. Wagner close to the prompter's box, while Odoardo (Herr Kaiser), was walking up and down, immersed in thought, at the back of the stage. Indeed, as a rule, the other actors and actresses did not appear to exist for the *débutante*—provided only the cue was given at the right time. As we left the theatre, an admirer of the lady, on our observing that the fourth act of *Emilia Galotti* was absolutely nothing, unless the representative of Orsina exhibited intense passion, said to us, "Ja, ja, det is nich ihr Genre!"* "Oh! yes. That is not her line!"

If we consider the three parts, *Ifigenie*, *Maria Stuart*, and *Orsina*, selected by Mad. Wagner for her *débuts*, it is self-evident that such a selection implies no ordinary aspiration, for, had the fair and respected vocalist succeeded in dramatically carrying out these three grand but heterogeneous female conceptions, she would have encircled her brow with a crown of artistic excellence such as had never before existed. But she was deficient in the soul and voice necessary for so lofty a flight. Up to the present time, the Berlin public have, with admirable forbearance, watched the dramatic essay of a fair singer, greatly respected by them, and have spoken only in "silent circles" of the absolute inefficiency of their favourite. Had a strange actress played the above characters as Mad. Wagner played them, we very much doubt that the critics and the public would have preserved such exemplary silence. For the gratification of certain individuals, or as a stroke of policy intended to work upon the curiosity of those who pay their money, such an experiment on the part of a dramatic singer, hitherto the object of popular applause, may be all very well for a short period; but the engagement of Mad. Wagner as *prima donna assoluta* in drama, might, perhaps, be productive of bitter regret, at some future period, and is, therefore, not advisable. Every one capable of forming an opinion will agree on this point.

A. A.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—No arrangement has yet been come to with respect to the reopening of this time-honoured establishment in the Spring. M. Bagier declines to put down the 7000*l.* stipulated for by the Earl of Dudley in advance; and thus, for the present at least, the affair is "off."

MAD. RUDERSDORFF AND M. OLE BULL.—Provincial readers will observe in our advertisement columns the announcement of an intended tour by these popular artists. The great success M. Ole Bull has met with throughout the tour he is now making with Miss Whitty, Herr Formes, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, and Mr. Emile Berger, will no doubt attract the attention of those "entrepreneurs" who have not yet speculated on his popularity. The talent and position of Mad. Rudersdorff need no recommendation at our hands.

* The equivalent, in the Berlin *patois*, of "Ja, ja, das ist nicht ihr Genre."—TRANSLATOR.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

WHAT is the row in Regent Street
On every Monday night?
Are people going music-mad,
That thus they push and fight?

The carriages from Vigo Street
Reach up to Portland Place,
And thousands on the smooth "trottoir"
Join in Apollo's race.

When James's Church tolls out the time
For Vieuxtemps to appear,
That classic crowd will scarcely breathe:
A pin drop you might hear.

Then "Violino Primo's" arm
Uplifts the horse's tail,
And quick th' excited multitude
Applaud the pussy's wail.

And on walk Laz'rus, Webb, and Paque,
Charles Hall' appears soon a'ter;
"Largo," "Allegro," "Presto,"—now
'Tis Beethoven's sonata.

Next Reeves ("our Sims,") with "Adelaide,"
So often heard before;
But which, if sung ten thousand times,
Would always win "encore!"

Then Arabell', with gorgeous dress,
Comes sailing up the stairs,
And ushers in the "Blacksmith,"
Best loved of Handel's airs.

Th' elated mob can no more keep
Imprisoned their delight,
At having such a shilling treat,
And all upon one night.

No more shall macaroni slim,
Stewed frogs, or saur kraut,
Reproach us with our prejudice
For beef and double stout.

W' invite them just to stand outside
And watch the crowd depart,
And then to say who likes the most,
Beethoven and Mozart.

A. C.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.—At the Royal English Opera Covent-garden, a pantomime will be produced, written by Maddison Morton, and in which Mr. W. H. Payne will be the prominent feature. The theme selected is Swift's remarkable satire of "Gulliver's Travels," and a grand transformation scene, by Calcott, is already whispered to be a stupendous feature. At Drury Lane, which has well maintained its celebrity for this kind of amusement, there will be a grotesque burlesque pantomime, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, founded on those legendary stories of the nursery, "The House that Jack Built" and "Old Mother Hubbard and her Wonderful Dog," and which will be, as usual, magnificently illustrated by Mr. William Beverly. The Haymarket pantomime will be, as usual, furnished by Mr. Buckstone himself, entitled, *Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue, or Harlequin and Old Daddy Long Legs*. The Princess's again advantageously employs the smart pen of Mr. H. J. Byron, who has founded his pantomime opening on the adventures of *Whittington and his Cat*. The St. James's has a mythological extravaganza by Mr. William Brough, on the subject of *Perseus and Andromeda*. The Lyceum has enlisted the services of Mr. Leicester Buckingham, who has based his extravaganza on the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*, Miss Lydia Thompson being the heroine. The Olympic has a fair extravaganza written by Mr. Burnand and Mr. Palgrave Simpson. The Strand is sure to be well furnished with another of Mr. Byron's pun-crammed burlesques. The subject selected is *Puss in Boots*. Sadler's Wells has an extravaganza-cum-pantomime, written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, entitled *Cherry and Fair Star; or the Singing Apple, the Talking Bird, and the Dancing Waters*. The Surrey pantomime will be called *Harlequin Hey Diddle Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle; or Oranges and Lemons, and the Twelve Dancing Princesses*, linking the nursery rhymes with an effective German fairy tale. At all the other theatres vast preparations are being likewise made, and managers are looking forward to a season which, if only as prosperous as their several displays of liberality, tact and energy, seem likely to render it, will be one of the most remunerative known for many years.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The selection on Monday night was again, in the instrumental department, exclusively dedicated to Mozart. One composition alone was drawn from the former programme—viz. the Quintet in A for clarinet and stringed instruments, the enthusiastic reception of which at the first Mozart concert fully justified its early repetition. Mr. Lazarus was, of course, the clarinet, M. Vieuxtemps, and his associates—Herr Ries, Mr. Webb, and M. Paque—forming the string-quartet. The same excitement was created by this ingenious and exquisitely melodious composition as before—notwithstanding the fact that it was now the last piece of the evening.

The pianist (her first appearance this season) was Miss Arabella Goddard, who met with such a welcome as is only accorded to artists standing highest in public favour. This lady's "*soirées*"—which, though abandoned, are not wholly forgotten—may be said in some measure to have paved the way for the Monday Popular Concerts—now fairly an institution, her connexion with which, from the beginning, has been alike advantageous to the promoters and to herself. With her distinguished foreign contemporary, Mr. Charles Hallé, indeed, Miss Goddard may be said to have hitherto shared the responsibilities and honours attaching to the office of "pianist to the Monday Popular Concerts"—an office of no small credit, if creditably filled, inasmuch as the satisfactory performance of the duties it entails presupposes a familiar acquaintance with the entire repertory of the great pianoforte composers, so as to be ready, almost "at a moment's notice," with any given sonata, trio, or quartet. Miss Goddard, however, has demonstrated her efficiency in this respect, and in the works of every recognized master—from Bach and Handel to Mozart, Dussek, and Hummel, from Beethoven to Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett—at various intervals successfully appealed to the sympathies of the musical public. Mozart with her has always been an especial favorite, the unaffected purity of his music being thoroughly congenial to her own unaffectedly expressive style of playing. A more graceful example of his genius than the sonata in B flat major (the third of four sonatas in the same key) could not possibly have been chosen. The slow movement (passing over the numberless beauties of the *allegro* and *rondo*) is an inspiration. The audience—which crowded St. James's-hall in area, balconies, gallery, and orchestra—listened to the whole with wrapt attention, applauded movement after movement, and at the conclusion unanimously recalled the pianist. Miss Goddard's other performance was in the celebrated sonata for pianoforte and violin written expressly for Mademoiselle Strinasacchi, a famous "virtuosa" in her day, whose execution on the fiddle, when Mozart reigned "King of Harmony" at Vienna, astonished and delighted the amateurs of that gay capital, and most especially the Imperial connoisseur, Joseph II. This is the sonata which was written in such haste, that, at the public performance—the violinist being Mademoiselle Strinasacchi, the pianist Mozart himself—one of the players ("it is easy to guess which," says M. Oulibischeff) had nothing on his desk to read from but a blank sheet of music paper. Mozart (as usual), having been unable to find time for noting down his own part, the sonata was given without rehearsal, and the great composer had to improvise, or trust to memory, for his share of the duet. "What!" exclaimed the observant and very musical Emperor, at the end of the sonata, "has it again come to this?" "Yes, Your Majesty," replied Mozart (evidently an old sinner), "but not a note was missed." How well Mademoiselle Strinasacchi may have played we have no means of deciding; but, if her performance of the sonata in question was equal to that of M. Vieuxtemps on Monday, she must have been one of the most finished, expressive, and masterly executants the art has known. Miss Goddard's reading and execution of the pianoforte part were absolutely faultless. Never, indeed, do we remember the young and charming artist playing in greater perfection. The violin sonata was received with the same enthusiastic warmth as that for piano solo.

In the admirable quartet in E flat (No. 4 of the renowned "six" inscribed to Haydn) the accomplished Belgian violinist—who is, if possible, playing better this year than last—surpassed himself; and thus the concert both commenced and terminated with *éclat*. This quartet is one of the three, after hearing which, the patriarch, Haydn, delivered his memorable speech to Leopold

Mozart (father of the composer):—"I tell you, before Heaven and as an honest man, that I look upon your son as the greatest composer in the world." Haydn, years afterwards, became acquainted with the young Beethoven, but did not change his opinion, although the first sonatas, the first trios, the first quartets, (Op. 18), and the grand septet, were already extant, to show that a formidable rival even to Mozart had suddenly appeared.

The singers were Miss Banks and Madame Louisa Vinning, both deserving favourites of the public, and for both of whom were set down pieces attractive in themselves and happily contrasted with each other. Haydn's canzonet "Sympathy," and Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of Heine's poem, "Auf flügeln des Gesanges" (*Anglice*, "On the Pinions of Song"), were allotted to Madame Vinning, who in each was successful, more especially in the canzonet of Haydn, after which she was complimented with a "recall." Miss Banks, in a florid air from Handel's *Rinaldo* (the first of the 39 Italian operas composed for London), exhibited the results of her St. Martin's-hall training, under Mr. Hullah, to eminent advantage, and, later in the evening, proved herself a thorough mistress of the homelier English school, obtaining a well-merited encore in a new and very expressive ballad, entitled "Never forget," one of the most recent compositions of Mr. Macfarren. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal pieces with his accustomed masterly skill. The regulation now adopted, which allows an interval of five minutes between the last vocal and the last instrumental piece, being eminently practical, has afforded general satisfaction. During the performance of Mozart's quintet, with which the concert terminated, there was nothing but the strictest attention; and the delight with which it was heard from end to end was not a bit less genuine than a fortnight since, when it was the first instead the last of piece in the programme.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The "feature" of last night's concert was the appearance of our pianist *par excellence*, Arabella Goddard, who, after passing the autumn in repose, has resumed her arduous professional labours. She was, it is almost unnecessary to say, most cordially greeted on entering the orchestra, and her performances were received with the vehemence to which she is so well accustomed, and which she well deserves. It being what is called "a Mozart night," she played two sonatas of that master. The first was one of the four sonatas, and perhaps one of the most beautiful, which he composed in the key of B flat. It is especially remarkable for the extreme beauty of the slow movement—an *andante cantabile*, full of graceful melody, and profound harmony and modulation. The other was his well-known sonata in the same key, for the piano and violin, written for Signora Strinasacchi, a celebrated female violinist of that day, and performed by himself and that lady at her benefit concert at Vienna in the year 1784. Last night the sexes of the performers were reversed: for Mozart we had Miss Goddard, and for Mlle. Strinasacchi, Vieuxtemps; and, we have no doubt, the beauties of that most exquisite composition were as charmingly developed as they were the first time it was ever heard. The slow movement, in particular, which is full of pure Italian melody, was sung, on both the instruments, as deliciously, and with as much expression, as could have been done by the finest performers of the Italian stage. To obtain a thoroughly vocal tone and style is the greatest acquirement of the most accomplished pianist, and no pianist that we have ever heard possesses this acquirement in a higher degree than Arabella Goddard. The other instrumental pieces were the Quartet in E flat, played by Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Webb, and Paque; and his Quintet in A major, for clarinet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, repeated in consequence of its great effect at a previous concert—an effect owing in a great measure to the delightful playing of Mr. Lazarus. The vocal performers were Miss Banks and Miss Louisa Vinning.—*Daily News*.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—A concert was given at the above rooms, on Tuesday evening, by the band of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. the Viscountess Palmerston, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Right Hon. the Countess of Yarborough, Lady Egerton (of Tatton), the Hon. Lady Hamilton Seymour, the Hon. Mrs. Ives, the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay, the Hon. Mrs. Rowley, the Right Hon. Sir Hamilton Seymour, G.C.B. and G.C.H., &c. &c. &c. The band was assisted by sundry professionals, and a few amateurs of note. The professionals included Mlle. Florence Lancia, Miss Messent, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Miss Lascelles, and Mr. J. Morgan (vocalists), and Miss Eleanor Ward, Messrs. Brinley Richards, and Ganz (pianists), Mr. Wuste-

mann (flute), and Herr Stoeckel (horn). Mlle. Lancia created the usual sensation in the "War-song" from *Attila*, and in Mr. Frank Mori's new ballad, "A thousand miles from thee," in both of which she was loudly applauded. Miss Messent sang the spirit song from *Lurline*, and the "Young Recruit;" Mad. Vinning, "Tell me, my heart" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and Miss Lascelles, the song of the goatherd from *Dinorah*. The amateur vocal performances, however, carried away the honours of the evening. A tremendous encore was bestowed on Messrs. Tremee, Platts, and Bishop, members of the St. George's Corps, in Martini's terzetto, "Vadasi via di qua," while the last-named gentleman narrowly escaped the same compliment in the "Muleteer Song," from the *Rose of Castile*. The fact that the three gentlemen were in uniform no doubt enhanced the interest of the performance. Messrs. Brinley Richards and Wilhelm Ganz, both of the Rifles, and both in costume, played a grand duet on two pianofortes, Mr. Wustemann a solo on the flute, and Herr Stoeckel ditto on the horn. A section of the West London Madrigal Society contributed some pieces, and the bands of the corps—that is, the brass band and the drum and fife band—played some quick steps, marches, and popular airs. We were somewhat surprised to find that the patriotic song, entitled "The Banner of St. George," composed by Mr. Balfe, written by Mr. John Brougham, and specially dedicated to the members of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers, had been omitted from the programme.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The *Messiah* was very efficiently performed on Tuesday night, under the able and energetic direction of Dr. Wyld. The performance was signalled by the re-appearance of Mrs. Merest, whose singing of sacred music was deservedly esteemed some years ago, and who must still be well remembered as Miss Maria B. Hawes. It would be unfair to express any opinion of her present powers from her singing on Tuesday night, for the nervousness natural after so very long an absence from public life is alone sufficient to account for any defect in intonation which might have been remarked. Mrs. Merest was, perhaps, most successful in "O, thou that tellest." Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington was more than usually admirable in the great airs, "Rejoice greatly" and "I know that my Redeemer." Miss Spiller made a very favourable impression in the air "Come unto Him;" Mr. Perren sang the "Passion music" with feeling; and Mr. Lewis Thomas undertook all that is allotted to the bass. The chorus was thoroughly efficient throughout, most conspicuously so in "For unto us" and "His yoke is easy." Mr. George Lake, who presided at the organ, performed his task with remarkable care and discretion.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. John Parry, whose "pantomime" song has proved so attractive in the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with his assistance, favoured the public on Tuesday night with a new descriptive song, in which the vicissitudes of a Colleen Bawn are musically and humourously related. A sort of overture for the pianoforte introduces the Irish airs, "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls," "Nora Creina," "Fly not yet," and "St. Patrick's Day," two of these—"Nora Creina" and "Fly not yet"—being afterwards very cleverly combined. Mr. John Parry's well known talents as an executant enable him to give the utmost effect to this peculiar version of the Hibernian melodies. The leading incidents of the *Colleen Bawn* are amusingly described, and the characteristics of one or two of the principal actors in the original caste at the Adelphi are skilfully represented. The words of this "relation" are by H. J. Byron, and Mr. Parry has engaged the co-operation of Mr. Frank Musgrave in the arrangement of the music.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK gave a pianoforte recital at the West London College, Bayswater, on Tuesday evening. The room was crowded. A new song, by Mr. Scotson Clark, "The Sea hath its Pearls," charmingly sung by Miss Robertine Henderson, though placed the last piece but one in the programme, was encored. Mr. Scotson Clark did not spare his exertions. He played no less than eight times during the evening. Among his most successful performances were some *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn; "Baby's Song," by Howard Glover; Benedict's Irish fantasia "Erin;" and an elegant little piece of his own composition, entitled "Rève de Bonheur," which no doubt many of his fair young listeners longed to have repeated. Besides Miss Henderson, Mr. Clark had the assistance of Miss Billing, whose singing was much

admired. Mr. Scotson Clark concluded his interesting performance by a mazurka of Chopin, and a tarantella of Stephen Heller.

EXETER HALL.—Mr. G. W. Martin's Choral Society gave a performance of Handel's *Messiah* on Thursday evening, to which were invited the soldiers now quartered in London, nearly 2000 in number, comprising, amongst other regiments, detachments of the Coldstreams, Scotch Fusiliers, 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards, the Royal Life Guards (blue), a sprinkling of the sappers and miners, some of the cadets training for military schoolmasters at the Duke of York's Asylum at Chelsea, and in the gallery a strong muster of the wives of many of the men present. The hall presented an unusual appearance; the body, usually occupied by the reserved seats, and mostly tenanted by ladies, being filled to within a short distance of the orchestra by a mass of red coats, here and there chequered by the dark uniforms of the Blues. Nor was it the occupants alone that altered the look of the hall, for in front of the large gallery hung two enormous flags, one bearing the lion of England, another the harp of Erin (what Scotland had done to be left out of the category we know not), while from the side balconies smaller banners depended, lending altogether an aspect not unfitted to the present state of feeling on the all-absorbing topic of the day. The performance was ushered in by a dirge, words by Rev. Dr. Bonan, music by G. W. Martin, "No shadows yonder," sung as a tribute to the memory of the late Lord Herbert, and, as such, reverentially listened to by the military body present, who are not likely soon to forget one who was so pre-eminently entitled to the honourable title of the soldier's friend, and who sacrificed his life to duty as completely as ever hero who fell on the battle-field. Touching the performance, what can one say of a work of which so much has been written, and which, in the space of four days, is given no less than three times? Mr. Martin aims at producing an effect rather by a multiplicity of voices than the numerical strength of the instrumentalists in the orchestra; and although the choruses were more than once amenable to criticism, allowance must be made for a Society which is but yet in its second year, and has already made a considerable progress, which we have no doubt further practice will still more tend to develop and improve. With the present rage for music halls, with their vulgar comic songs, utterly devoid of humour, their silly sentimental ditties, their never-ending Ethiopians, their wearisome operatic selections, anything that encourages a purer and healthier taste is deserving of support, and the seven or eight hundred choristers who compose Mr. Martin's phalanx will do well to labour diligently, and as they are mostly composed of young and fresh voices, may eventually raise themselves to a position as a choral body second to none. The solos were entrusted to Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Porter, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Thomas, all of whom sang their best, the latter gentleman narrowly escaping an encore for his artistic rendering of "The trumpet shall sound," which seemed exactly to hit the taste of those for whom the oratorio was mainly given, the playing of Mr. T. Harper, in the trumpet obbligato, rousing their enthusiasm to such a pitch, that we quite expected they would insist upon its repetition, as they did with the "Hallelujah chorus," in which the whole audience stood, in accordance with time-honoured custom. The performance concluded with "God save the Queen," in which the soldiers joined vociferously, and then gave three tremendous cheers for Mr. Martin and the Choir, which made the very walls reverberate.

We should like to know why the taste and refined condition of the army alone has been taken into consideration, and why the navy has been excluded, or rather overlooked. The reason is, perhaps, that there are no sailors in London, which would seem a very feasible reason. But no doubt Mr. Martin has it already in contemplation to give a series of performances at some of the principal seaports, and should the military concerts succeed, the people of Portsmouth or Deal may look forward to a great musical treat; at any rate, the navy, we think, has as deep a claim on the musical hospitality of Mr. Martin as the army, while, as a body, the sailors are greater lovers of music than soldiers.

BRIGHTON.—The Art Society gave their second annual conversation at the Royal Pavilion, on Monday, and commenced their evening's entertainments with a concert, in which Miss Rans-

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